

Quickies

by creamyfilling

Category: Glee

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Finn H., Puck, Santana L., Sebastian S.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-13 07:00:41

Updated: 2016-04-13 07:00:41

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:51:36

Rating: M

Chapters: 8

Words: 14,641

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: [Puck/Santana, Finn/Santana, Sam/Santana, Sebastian/Santana]

A series of unrelated smutty one-shots featuring various Santana pairings.

1. Quickie (Pucktana)

I've been posting these quick one-shots elsewhere but never posted them here, so I just thought I would in case anyone was interested and missed them before. So far, the only pairings I've done are Pucktana, Samtana, Finn/Santana and Seb/Santana, but maybe one day I'll write for another Santana pairing.

****Prompt:** **Puck and Santana have a quickie in the choir room on the piano.

* * *

><p>Santana's in Spanish class when she gets the text, which is perfect because Spanish always makes her horny, despite the visual assault of Mr. Schue's hideous sweater vests.<p>

choir room b4 next period.

That's all it says, but she knows immediately what it's about. It's from Puck, of course. Nobody else would dare try to tell her what to do. Normally, she'd rip him apart using only the power of her words (and maybe her open palm), but she's horny too, and she could use a quickie to help get through the rest of the day.

dont wear ur spankies.

Santana rolls her eyes at Puck's second text. Biting her lip, she hides her phone under her desk as she discreetly texts the boy back.

u better be hard when i get there.

She doesn't even have to wait thirty seconds before she gets a series of replies.

already am babe.

hard & waiting 4 u.

cum join me ;)

Santana barely chokes down her moan before she starts gathering her things, dropping her finished worksheet off on Mr. Schue's desk and throwing out some lame excuse about not feeling well. She doesn't even wait for him to give her permission to leave, just slips out of the class and speed walks her way towards the choir room.

She gets there in no time and peers inside the window. She almost laughs when she sees Puck's sitting on the piano bench, pants and boxers around his ankles, stiff dick in one hand, phone in the other. She smirks, knowing he's probably looking at one of the many naked pictures of her he has saved on there while he jerks off. She glances around the hall to make sure nobody else is around before she slips off her red spank pants and shoves them into her backpack and then makes her way inside.

Puck's head snaps up when he hears the door, and his relief is visible. "Oh, thank fuck. Pics don't do you justice, babe."

"Got that right," Santana agrees, closing the door behind her and sauntering over to the boy. She drops her bag on the floor and takes the phone out of his hand, placing it on the piano behind him. "Now let's get to it, because I've gotta meet Britt to walk her to her next class in seven minutes. Think you can get the job done in that time, Puckerman?"

"I can get it done twice," Puck retorts, one hand gripping her waist and the other slipping underneath her cheer skirt, his fingers immediately meeting slick wetness. "Mmm, you listened. Good girl."

Santana's smirk widens at his words, her legs moving to straddle Puck's lap. "You know I've never been a good girl a day in my life," she reminds him, and then she's sinking down on his cock, letting out a little hiss as his size immediately fills her.

"God damn," Puck moans as tight warmth envelops his dick, sending tingles to every nerve ending in his body. "I ever tell you that you have the best damn pussy I've ever been inside?"

"Didn't need to," Santana replies. She shifts until she's balanced and then she starts rocking in Puck's lap, her cheerleader hips rotating and jerking and creating the most amazing friction Puck's ever felt. There are very few things he's experienced that feel better than Santana Lopez riding his cock raw, and the risk of getting caught just makes everything feel more heightened. Only thing that would make it better would be if she wasn't wearing her top, because Santana's tits always look amazing when she's bouncing up and down on his dick.

Santana rides Puck with wild abandon, her head thrown back and strangled noises escaping her throat. She moves her hand to grip Puck's shoulder, holding on tight as she picks up her pace, impaling herself on Puck's cock harder and harder each time she sinks down. Her ass meets his thighs with loud, wet slaps, her juices already creating a mess between them.

"F-Fuck, fuck me, god, that feels so fuck-fucking good," Santana moans out, her words barely intelligible through her panting and groaning. Puck doesn't even have to do much, he just holds her waist and leans back, letting Santana fuck herself on his cock. The bench creaks beneath them in protest everytime Santana slams down, but neither teen pay it any mind. "My clit," Santana chocks out, squeezing Puck's shoulder. "Rub my fucking clit, asshole."

Puck immediately moves a hand down and presses his thumb against the hardened nub, rubbing small circles and moving with her rhythm, his eyes darting back and forth between his hand and Santana's face, her head now tilted forward and covered by a curtain of silky hair.

Santana comes with a scream less than a minute later, her body trembling and falling against Puck as her orgasm rocks her. She clings to his shoulders, her face buried in the crook of his neck, and Puck calls on all of his self control not to come himself as Santana's pussy throbs and pulsates around his cock.

"Good thing Schuester had this room sound proofed," Puck quips, wrapping the arm that's not trapped between their bodies around Santana's back, holding her close. Santana hates to cuddle, but he knows she likes to be held as she comes down, it helps her feel anchored to something.

He waits until he feels her snatch relax around his member before he slips his other hand out and wraps her in a hug, holding her against him tightly enough so that he doesn't slip out of her when he stands up. Santana lets out a yelp of surprise at the sudden movement, and wraps her legs around his waist, clinging to him tighter as he carefully shuffles them around and lays her out on the surface of the piano, her ass at the edge.

"What are you-"

"I believe I promised you two orgasms," Puck reminds her, pulling her a little bit closer to the edge so he can pump into her. "Plus, I've always wanted to fuck you on this piano, Lopez."

Puck punctuates his words with a sharp thrust, his fat cock sliding into Santana's wet cunt with ease, drawing more moans from the girl. He fucks into her once, twice, fifteen times, and has to hold onto her waist to keep her in place when she starts sliding along the slick surface from the force of his pounding.

Santana keeps her legs wrapped around Puck's waist, the heels of her shoes digging into his ass as she tries to pull him into her just a little bit more. Puck's cock is huge and fills her up better than any other guy in school, but it's still just never quite enough, not until he hits that perfect spot inside her. Never one to just lay there and get fucked, Santana pushes herself up and wraps her arms around Puck's shoulders again so she can rock into him and match him

thrust for thrust.

Everything is lewd noises and wetness, and she has no doubt that the piano is soaked in her juices, but she doesn't have time to worry about that because all of a sudden Puck hits the jackpot and they're both coming seconds later, Santana's pussy clenching around Puck's cock as he releases his warm load inside her.

They both huff and puff and hold each other as they come down, and Puck thinks his ears are ringing until he releases it's the bell, singling they have five minutes to get to their next class. Puck reluctantly pulls away and slips out of her, but can't resist taking the time to watch his creamy cum slowly leak out of Santana's contracting cunt and pooling onto the shiny black piano underneath her.

"So fucking hot," he mumbles. She rolls her eyes and moves to jump off the piano until Puck stops her. "Wait, wait, I gotta get a pic of this." He doesn't give her a chance to protest, just leans around her and grabs his phone off the piano behind her and clicks on his camera, lowering the device between Santana's legs and snapping a picture of her flushed slick pussy lips, spread nicely to get a perfect view of his fresh load dripping from her hole. He takes a few more for good measure before finally tearing his eyes away and pulling up his pants and underwear, quickly zipping his fly and then helping Santana down. "Thanks, Lopez. These'll make the day go by easier."

"Easy for you to say, you're not the one that's gonna have to sit through class with spansks full of your disgusting load," Santana snaps, trying to walk over to her bag with her legs together so she doesn't make more of a mess. "You better not send those to any of your pervy buddies again." She digs through until she finds the red spanky pants she shoved in there earlier and slips them up her legs, making a face as she adjusts them as best she can, already feeling them getting wet. "Ugh, I'm gonna have your jizz dripping out of me until lunch."

Puck lets out a low moan at the thought. "You're gonna get me hard again, babe," he complains, cupping his crotch and humping the air. "Meet you in the locker room in an hour?"

"You're a pig," Santana says with a scoff and glares at him, but they both know she'll be there.

2. Most People (Sebtana)

****Prompt: ****Santana and Sebastian having rough make up sex after a fight

* * *

><p>Santana can't even remember why they were fighting.<p>

Knowing them, it was probably something trivial that bruised an ego and then the claws came out and then it became more about who would break first than it was about anger.

Sebastian did, of course. He didn't actually apologize, but he did

show up at her house and kissed her before she could start insulting him, so she counts that as a victory. He can never resist her for too long, and now they're trying to see who can rip each other's clothes off first. Unfortunately, they're both losing so far.

"I missed you so much," Sebastian admits between sloppy kisses, pulling away just long enough to pull his shirt over his head before he's attacking Santana's mouth again.

Santana moans into the kiss, grinding her hips into his and feeling his erection through his jeans. "I missed this so much," she replies, cupping his bulge and squeezing.

"Fuck," he groans, canting into her hand. He kisses down her neck, sucking and biting her soft skin so it'll leave marks for days, traveling down to her chest. "Lose the shirt." Santana obliges, pulling her shirt over her head like Sebastian did moments before, his fingers swiftly undoing her bra seconds later and leaving her bare. "God, I love your tits."

Santana's chest heaves under the attention, her head falling back as Sebastian's warm mouth closes over her right breast, tongue and teeth teasing her nipple while his hand palms the other, squeezing it roughly. "Ugh, baby."

Her reaction spurs him on. Sebastian pinches a nipple between his thumb and forefinger at the same time as he bites down on the other and Santana arches into his touch, her hand cupping the back of his head, her fingers curling around his hair and tugging, pulling his mouth back up for a hungry kiss.

They kiss and kiss, all strong tongues and clashing teeth, Santana's hand pulling on hair, Sebastian's hand traveling down her toned stomach, slipping into her pants and dipping into her soaked folds. She lets out a sharp hiss at the unexpected touch, whimpering as he coats his fingers in her stinky juices before pulling back and pressing against her clit, rubbing tight circles around the hooded nub.

"Jesus fuckingâ€¦"

"Mhmm, that's it, Tana," Sebastian hums, moving his attention back to her neck. "You like that, baby? You're so fucking wet for me."

"Seb-astian," is all Santana can get out, her knees starting to buckle underneath her. Sebastian wraps his free arm around her waist and moves them backwards until the back of Santana's knees hit her bed and they go tumbling down.

Sebastian doesn't miss a beat, quickly using the new position to his advantage and tugging Santana's pants off, leaving her naked beside him. "No panties, just how I like you."

"I knew you'd cave today," she says smugly, curling a hand around the back of his neck. "Now just shut the fuck up and finger me," Santana growls, pulling him down for another bruising kiss.

Sebastian doesn't need to be told twice, his fingers running through Santana's slick folds, wetting themselves before dipping down and

easily slipping inside of her, a single digit first and then a second. He doesn't bother starting slow, knowing Santana likes it hard and fast, just skips right to slamming in and out of her, curling and scissoring his fingers, smiling into their kisses at the feeling of her stretching around them.

Soon Santana's whole body is tightening underneath him and she's turning away from his lips as she starts to tremble, her pussy clamping down around his fingers as she comes. He smirks as he watches her come apart, that surge of power at the knowledge that he's the one making her feel that good going straight to his dick.

"Come on, Tana, say my name when you come," he coos, curling his fingers just a bit more and pressing his thumb down on her clit, rubbing just enough to get a second wave out of her before the first is even over

She moans his name the second time, the words almost getting caught in her throat, her back arching completely off the bed and towards her boyfriend as he draws her pleasure out, that stupid fucking smug look on his face the whole time. She wants nothing more than to wipe it off, but her body feels like jelly and all she can do is collapse against the bed and try to catch her breath when it's over.

Sebastian waits until Santana loosens around his fingers before he pulls out, reaching up and offering his soaked fingers to Santana to clean off. She hums at the taste of herself, licking the digits clean before Sebastian pulls away and makes quick work of getting his pants off, sighing in relief when his erection is freed.

He grips his cock and strokes himself, pushing himself up onto his knees and crawling up to Santana's head. He doesn't even need to say the words before Santana's mouth is around his shaft, his girlfriend maneuvering herself up onto all fours and working his cock eagerly.

It's fast and sloppy, Santana's warm, wet mouth making deliciously lewd noises that are like music to Sebastian's ears. She licks and sucks his tip, bobbing her head as she chokes down more of his thick cock, her lips and tongue slipping up and down his length, slurping up his precum. He threads his fingers through her hair, pulling her head closer against him until her nose is tickling his perfectly trimmed hair, the tip of his cock pressing against the back of her throat.

"Oh fuck," he moans, feeling her swallow around his size, her throat contracting against him as she struggles to breathe. She's gagging moments later, but Sebastian waits to savor the sound and the feeling before he finally lets her go, enjoying the way Santana coughs and desperately sucks in air before going right back to choking herself on his cock, like a moth to a flame. "Tana, stop, baby," he urges a minute later, ready to bust a nut if she continues for any longer. Either she doesn't hear him or she doesn't care, but it isn't until he pulls on her hair that she finally releases his dick, her eyes drifting up to look at him imploringly. "You want my cock, baby?" Santana nods with enthusiasm, the hunger in her eyes making Sebastian's cock throb like it's still in her mouth. As much as he loves it when she fights for control, he thinks he might love it just

a little bit more when she doesn't. "Turn around."

Santana quickly spins around so she's facing away from her boyfriend, looking over her shoulder to watch him get into position behind her. "You know, I don't think this is a how most people have make up sex."

Sebastian raises an eyebrow, the smirk on her face telling him she's just teasing. He knows she's not into the mushy candle lit romantic shit, knows she likes it hard and rough, the kind of sex that leaves her sore and bruised for days. It's exactly how he likes it too, it's why they work so well. They love the same way they fight, hard and loud and passionately, and they wouldn't work any other way.

He grips the base of his cock, watching her face as he runs the weeping head up and down her flushed folds before stopping at her hole. "We're not most people," he reminds her, and then he's entering her from behind, fingers digging into her side as he buries his length inside her.

"Oh, _Sebastian_!" Santana cries as he bottoms out, eight inches of Sebastian's thick cock stuffing her full.

Sebastian bites back his own admission, taking a moment to appreciate the way Santana's pussy stretches to accommodate his massive size before he pulls out and plows back in, hitting just a little bit deeper on each thrust. "So fucking tight, baby," he sighs, his hips rutting against her beautiful around ass every time they meet, the sounds of their skin slapping getting louder and louder the harder he fucks her.

Her body jolts forward on every thrust until he presses down on her shoulders and pushes her face down hard against the mattress, leaning his weight against her for leverage, dropping down heavily into her. Her moans are muffled by the mattress and drowned out by his grunting, his panting getting more intense the faster her cants into her.

"_Harder_," Santana begs, pushing back into Sebastian to meet him thrust for thrust. She tries to push against his hand to get more control, but he just presses down harder, moving his hand from between her shoulder blades to the side of her head, shoving her face back down and almost bending her body in half as he slams into her.

A few minutes later, Santana comes first, her pussy clenching and convulsing around Sebastian's cock as he fucks her through it, pounding her hard and deep. He releases her head long enough to grab a fist full of hair and tugging, curling her body back even more as she continues to tremble underneath him.

"Come for me, Tana," he grunts, his balls tightening as his own release approaches. "That's it, baby, come all over my cock. Fuck, that feels so fucking good." Sebastian can feel her grip loosening around him, but it's too soon. He wants them to come together, so he abandons her hair and fumbles around her bent body for her clit, rubbing it in tight circles until she's coming again, and pulling him with her. Sebastian lets out a long sigh as he spills a warm gush of cum into Santana, her pulsating pussy squeezing every drop out of his throbbing cock.

Santana's chest heaves as she catches her breath, her eyes fluttering in pleasure as she feels Sebastian's cock twitching as he finishes emptying his load into her. She stays upright for as long as she can, but when she slumps against the bed, Sebastian just falls with her, collapsing against her back, his dick still tucked inside of her as he slowly starts to go soft.

They lay in silence, coming down and breathing each other in. Sebastian kisses the sweaty skin of her shoulder in a silent apology. All is forgiven.

3. Mr Hudson (Finntana)

****Prompt: **Santana seducing Mr. Hudson at school.**

* * *

><p>Finn Hudson is in the middle of marking his second period's history tests when he hears a knock at his door.<p>

"Miss Lopez," he greets with a friendly smile, a twinkle in his eye as he takes in the sight of the young cheerleader. Santana is in his second period class, and she's one of his best students. "Aren't you supposed to be in class?"

"Mrs. Hagberg won't even notice I'm gone," Santana replies, stepping into the classroom and closing the door behind her. She peeks out the little window to make sure the hallway is still empty before she carefully untapes the lame inspirational poster stuck on the back of the door and moves it over so that it's covering the glass and keeping prying eyes away.

Finn watches her with knowing eyes, swallowing thickly when she reaches down and locks the door, successfully giving them privacy. "Santanaâ€¦"

"I know we usually wait until after school," she begins, slowly sauntering over to her teacher and swiftly hopping up onto his desk, the flaps of her bright red Cheerios skirt falling back around her waist and giving him a great view of her deliciously toned thighs. "But I was sitting in class and all I could think about was how hot you looked today. You know how much it turns me on when you wear a tie."

"Santana, this isn't a good idea," Finn chokes out, his words catching in his throat when Santana's legs fall open and he sees the obvious damp patch on the bottom of her red spansks.

She smirks at his typical reaction. Considering how much older he is than her, he really does come off adorably inexperienced sometimes. "Come on, Mr. Hudson," she purrs, slipping off his desk and sinking to her knees in front of him. No matter how many times he asks her to call him Finn, she loves calling him by his professional name. Any reminder that he's her teacher and she's his student is such a turn on.

"Fuck," Finn mutters, leaning back in his chair as Santana reaches for the zipper of his pants, brushing against his growing

bulge.

This is so wrong, he knows it's wrong. He's known it's been wrong since they started sneaking around when he first started teaching at McKinley months ago, but he can't help it. Santana Lopez is just about the hottest thing he's ever seen, with her dark hair and her tanned skin, her big boobs and round ass. And that cheerleading uniform. He didn't stand a chance when she came onto him. It was like his biggest high school fantasy come true.

"Relax," Santana whispers, smiling as she sees Finn loosen up against the chair. It's cute how he always at least tries to protest, but he never holds out long. "Let me take care of you." He nods and lifts his hips, and she swiftly pulls his pants and underwear down his legs, freeing his semi-hard cock from its confines before she eagerly takes it into her mouth.

Finn's eyes glaze over as he watches Santana suck him off, his head lulling to the side as her tongue sweeps across his head and teases his slit. Her eyes lock onto his, brown orbs watching him watch her as her head bobs up and down, her plump lips stretching as she slowly takes more of him into her mouth.

Finn is big, really big, but Santana loves to take as much of him as she can. She hollows her cheeks and sucks, her mouth making obscene noises as she services her teacher. She gets half way down before she pulls back and starts again, bringing a hand up to wrap around his shaft and stroke him as she starts to descend again, this time gagging when she feels his tip poking the back of her throat.

"Fuck, baby, that's it," Finn moans, his hands tangling in her soft dark hair, feeling her throat contract around his dick. He doesn't hold her head or force her to take more, just massages her scalp and lets her keep control. "That feels so good, Santana."

Santana smiles around Finn's cock, slurping and sucking and stroking him to full length with an eagerness and vigor that she only has for her teacher. She loves to watch his face as she pleases him, feel the way his thighs tighten underneath her arms, the way his body does these cute little jerks and jumps when he's trying not to come too early. Everyone knows Mr. Hudson is hot and charming, but nobody else gets to see him like this. This is reserved for Santana only.

Holding Finn's shaft back, Santana gives a few slow and deliberate licks to the underside of his cock before she pulls away and pushes herself to her feet. "I've been thinking about doing this all day, Mr. Hudson," she coos, placing her hands on his shoulders and carefully climbing on top of him, her knees balanced on either side of his legs and his spit slicked cock pressing against her covered center. "Riding you until you come inside of me," she whispers into his ear, nipping his lobe before she smooches a trail to his lips and kisses him, slipping her tongue into his mouth and brushing it against his. She rocks her hips against him as they make out, his hands on her hips keeping her steady as their bodies press together. "I need you, Mr. Hudson," Santana pants against Finn's lips. "I need you inside of him."

Finn nods and slips a hand between their bodies, fumbling a bit

before he gets a good grip on his shaft and guides it towards Santana's core. He pushes her spunks to the side with his knuckles and presses his throbbing head against her hole. "San-tana, Santana, I-"

Santana wraps her arms around his neck and pulls herself up before slowly dropping down, letting out a low groan of pleasure as she sinks down on Finn's thick cock, her pussy stretching as she takes him inside, inch by inch. "Fuck, you're so fucking big."

Finn leans forward and kisses Santana's neck, waiting until his entire length is buried inside of her tight pussy before he starts to rock against her again. He wraps his arms around her back and pulls her body flush against his, falling back against the chair and rutting up into her.

"God, you feel so good, Santana," he mumbles against her skin, biting it playfully and then soothing it over with his tongue, finally letting his tension wash away and just enjoying this gorgeous, insatiable girl in his lap without thinking of all the reasons why he shouldn't. "So tight and warm."

Santana's eyes flutter closed and she starts to bounce up and down on Finn's dick, her hands clutching the back of his head to keep his face against her neck. She can feel him all over her and inside of her, and it's still not enough. "More," she moans, clenching around his cock, her warm snatch hugging him tightly as her juices coat his length. "More, baby, I needâ€¦ I need, I need you so bad, baby, so fuckingâ€¦ God, _yes_, right _there_. Fuck-fuck, right there, _harder!_"

Finn thrusts into her harder, angling them back enough so that he can lift his ass off the chair to pound into her. Santana's hair is draping around his head and all he can hear is her moans mixed with the slapping of their sweaty skin and the creaking of his chair, and he adds his own huffing breaths to the chorus as he picks up the pace until it becomes too difficult to continue in their current position, and he carefully stands up with Santana still in his arms.

She lets out a surprised squeal at the sudden movement and clings to Finn's broad shoulders, wrapping her legs around his waist and holding on, his cock still snug inside of her. He laughs before he carefully leans over, brushing papers to the side and placing her flat on his desk.

"Much better," he voices, propping himself up with a hand beside her head, the other brushing her hair away from her face as he gazes down at her. "I love it when you're lying underneath me," Finn tells her, bending over to press a soft kiss against her swollen lips before pulling back and looking at her again. "You're so beautiful, Santana."

Santana sighs at his words. He's looking at her like she's the whole world, and she loves it as much as she hates it. Growling, she grabs Finn's dangling tie and wraps it around her fist, tugging him back down into a rough kiss. "Just fuck me, _Mr. Hudson_."

Finn doesn't like it when Santana shuts down like that. She's always making the first move, teasing and flirting with him, but when he finally tries to be open about his feelings for her, she cuts him

off. But, he knows better than to push her, especially when they're in the middle of sex, so instead he just shuts up and starts thrusting back into her, attaching their lips again as he slides through her.

The new position gives Finn more room to work, and his movements are fluid and smooth, hitting Santana so deep and so perfectly each time, and she can feel her stomach starting to coil more and more with each thrust. She hooks her ankles around Finn's waist, digging the heels of her feet into his cute little ass to pull him closer, grunting into his mouth as his cock slams into her, hitting her spot just right.

"F-Fuck, I'm gonna come," she cries out, dropping her head against the desk and placing her hands delicately on Finn's neck, holding his head in place so she can look into his eyes as she falls apart. She doesn't like words, she hates them, but this she can give him, this she wants to give him.

They come together, Santana whimpering and shivering, clenching tightly around Finn as he empties his warm load inside her, his cock pulsating and flaring against the grip Santana's contracting pussy has on it. He watches her face as he shoots into her, searching her eyes for something he's not sure of, biting his lip as he wonders what she sees in his eyes. Wonders if she's even looking for anything.

They throb and pant, slowly coming down, relaxing against each other for a moment before reality catches up with them again. Finn allows himself just one more minute, one more moment to enjoy Santana like this before she's his student again. He rubs the pad of his thumb over the apple of her cheek, smiling at the way her nose scrunches up at his soft touch, and then he kisses her one last time.

Santana gives herself less time, and Finn barely brushes his lips against hers before she's pushing him away, uncrossing her legs so that he stumbles back into his chair. She ignores the sudden emptiness and quickly pulls her spunks back into place before she leaks all over Finn's desk, hopping off and straightening up her uniform.

She can feel him watching her, and she knows he's going to try to say something like he always does, so instead of giving him the opening, she turns back to his desk and sorts through the papers he was looking at when she came in, searching for the one with her name on. Santana smiles when she sees her test hasn't been marked yet, and picks up his red pen, writing a messy 'A+' in the corner.

"Santana, you can't justâ€¦" Finn starts to protest.

She caps the pen and turns back to him with a raised eyebrow. "I think I've earned it, don't you?" she questions, easily making everything they just did seem like something else than what it was just a moment ago, something less. Something she can deal with. "What, with all my extra credit and all." Finn doesn't fight her, even though he knows he should. Instead, he just sits there as she gives him a peck on the cheek and whispers, "I'll see you after school, Mr. Hudson," in his ear before she saunters over to the door, peeking out to make sure it's safe before she slips out of his classroom, leaving him with his pants still around his ankles.

4. Why Not (Santana)

****Prompt: ****Sam and Santana hooking up at school behind their significant others' backs.

* * *

><p>"Ugh, watch the teeth," Sam groans, squeezing Santana's hips and pulling away from her sucking mouth. "Last time you left a mark and I had to tell Quinn I got bit by some random dog." Santana laughs and leans forward to continue before Sam pushes her away. "I'm serious, Santana! She almost made me get a rabies shot."<p>

"You're such a pussy," Santana sighs, pulling away from him and leaning against the closet door. It's so dark and so cramped, she can barely see him right in front of her, but she sure can feel him. Especially the hard on brushing against the bottom of her dress. "You really that scared of Fabray finding out?"

"Uh, yeah," he answers, closing the distance between them and pressing her against the door, his hands flat against it on either side of her. "Aren't you worried about Brittany finding out?"

Santana's eyes flutter closed at the full body contact, her head against the door, her chest pressed out against his. "She still thinks it's not cheating if the plumbing is different."

"So, you're saying she wouldn't care if she knew I was doing this?" Sam asks, trailing a hand up her bare thigh and under her incredibly short dress. He brushes a thumb over her covered clit and smirks when she jumps. "Or this?" He pushes her panties aside and runs his finger through her soaked folds, coating it in her juices. "You don't think Brittany would care if she knew how fucking wet you get for my dick?"

"Just shut up and fuck me," Santana growls, grabbing a strong hold of Sam's neck and pulling him into a hungry kiss to shut him up. She does know Brittany would care, that she'd look at her like a kicked little puppy dog and of course she feels bad about that. She feels like shit for cheating on Brittany, she's not a monster, but she's also human, and she likes to think that if Brittany knew how good of a fuck Sam is, she'd understand.

Sam doesn't need to be told twice, and he slips a finger inside Santana as he kisses her, pressing her harder against the door as he starts to pump in and out of her, adding a second finger and curling, just as he brushes his thumb against her clit.

Santana's coming in no time at all, and he swallows her moans, his fingers fucking her through her orgasm until she's pushing on his wrist. "Stop," she pants, turning her face away from his to detach their lips. She sucks in shaky breaths and drops her forehead against his shoulder, shuttering when he pulls his fingers out of her and sucks them clean. "Your cock," she huffs, squinting in the darkness to try to undo his belt. Her eyes have adjusted somewhat, but she's still struggling with her shaky hands. "Fuck, I need you inside of me right now."

"Your wish is my command," he answers in a dorky voice that Santana assumes is an impression she doesn't get. Instead of making fun of him, she focuses on his belt and finally gets it undone, moving to the zipper of his jeans and then letting out a sigh of relief when they fall down his legs.

She reaches into his boxers and grasps his cock in her hand, her fingers just barely able to wrap around his thick meat. She strokes him a few times before pulling away and quickly swiping her hand through her folds to collect some wetness to spread over his cock.

Once he's lubed up and completely hard, Santana gets on her toes and guides Sam's cock to her pussy, angling herself enough to get it back to her entrance before sinking down on it.

"Fuck yeah," she moans as she's filled, slowly lowering herself down until she's got Sam's entire cock buried inside of her. A weird sense of relief floods her as she's stuffed full of cock. "So fucking _big_."

"Feels so good to be inside you, baby," Sam murmurs, letting Santana have a moment to gain her bearings before he starts to cant into her, bending at the knees just a bit so he can thrust up. "So warm and wet and _tight_."

He punctuates each word with a sharp thrust, and Santana sinks her teeth into his shoulder to muffle the moan of pleasure that rips from her throat. Ignoring his earlier request, Santana kisses and licks and bites at the pale skin of Sam's shoulder and neck, pulling on the back of his hair when his cock slams into her particularly hard.

"Faster," she moans into his ear, nipping at his ear lobe.

Sam pumps into her harder, humping her into the door so harshly that it's banging on its hinges. He knows he should slow down or turn them around or something so they don't get caught, but it's hard to care about anything when he's balls deep in Santana's cunt.

He wraps his hands behind the back of her thighs and pulls. "Up," he growls, waiting until she's got her legs wrapped around his waist before he turns them around and presses her against the back wall instead, ignoring the banging that rings through the small space when she slams against something.

Santana doesn't seem too concerned either, just starts bucking her hips widely against him, pulling Sam's cock deeper inside of her. "That's it, baby. Fuck me like Quinn would never let you fuck her," Santana pants, her nails digging into Sam's back, her breath hot against his neck. "Fuck me and come inside me. Fill me up."

"Oh fuck," Sam cries at her words, his balls already starting to tighten. He can feel Santana's juices all over his cock, their fucking making delicious wet sounds each time they connect, and he can tell by the way her pussy contracts and her pants increase that she's as close as he is. He picks up his pace, and with a few more determined thrusts, she's screaming his name as she comes around him and pulls him with her.

Sam's cock flares and explodes inside Santana, his dick pulsating as he spills a warm load of thick cum into her throbbing pussy. She clings to him as he empties himself into her, savoring the feeling of being filled, that feeling that Brittany can never give her, no matter how much she loves her. Her hips jerk as her own orgasm passes through her, until she finally slumps against him, coming down.

"You're so fucking good at that," Santana sighs, unwrapping her legs from around Sam's waist and dropping back to her feet. His cock slips out of her and a few globs of milky cum leak out and drop to the floor before she's able to pull her panties back in place.

Sam gives her a dorky smile at the compliment before tucking his cock back into his boxers and pulling his pants back up, letting out a hiss when his head connects with something hard when he stands back up.

"Why do we always have to do it in here?" Sam asks as Santana adjusts her dress, rubbing the back of his head where he hit it. "Why can't we ever do it in a bed or something?"

Santana rolls her eyes. "Because then you'd try to cuddle with me or some shit like that."

Sam pauses for a moment, debating whether to deny it or not. "What's wrong with cuddling?"

"Cuddling is for people who are dating," Santana explains with a sigh. They've had this conversation before. "We are not dating."

"Well, why not?" Sam finally asks. He's not really sure he could picture actually dating Santana, but he thinks he'd like to have the option. And then he wouldn't have to sneak around behind Quinn's back and lie to her all the time.

Santana sighs again, tugging on the bottom of her dress one last time before throwing her hair back over her shoulder and looking at Sam. "Look, Trouts, the sex is good. Like, really, really fucking good, but that's all this is. I'm not looking to date you or your humongous lips. I'm already dating someone, and I love her, so if you can't handle fucking me without wanting to date me, then let me know now."

"I don't get it," Sam muses, ignoring most of what she said. "If you love Brittany so much, how can you fuck me? Doesn't seem like you love her all that much when you're coming all over my cock and screaming my name."

It's something he's always wondered. He knows why he cheats on Quinn â€" she doesn't put out â€" and it's not like he's claiming to love her or anything. But he doesn't get why Santana does it. She's always telling him she loves Brittany, and he can tell she does, but he doesn't get why she keeps coming back to him and dragging him into the janitor's closet, begging him to fuck her into oblivion. He wonders if Santana even knows.

Santana freezes for a moment, but it passes before Sam can even think

about questioning her. "I told you, you're a really good fuck, and sometimes I just need a rough pounding. Don't flatter yourself," Santana explains with a smirk. "Besides, I enjoy sticking it to Quinn, too. It's win/win."

"If you say so," Sam answers wearily, feeling that familiar disappointment in his gut as he watches Santana twist the handle of the door to start to leave.

Santana peaks out to make sure the hallway is empty before she steps out, turning back to poke her head back in. "Same time tomorrow?"

Sam runs a hand through his hair and nods reluctantly. He knows he won't be able to resist.

5. Different (Pucktana)

****Prompt: ****Puck and Santana sneaking into a neighbour's backyard to have sex in their pool.

* * *

><p>"Are you sure these people are really gone?" Santana asks, her voice low and close to Puck's ear as she hovers behind him.<p>

"For the hundredth fucking time, yes."

"Excuse me for making sure," Santana hisses, rolling her eyes. "I'm not in the mood to be perved on by some forty year old cougar like the last time you swore we wouldn't get caught."

Puck knows enough to bite back his laughter at the memory. He had been balls deep inside Santana in one of his customer's pools when she came home. She wasn't even mad, but Santana had been mortified when she asked to join in. Santana didn't talk to him for a week. "Still think you should've at least considered letting herâ€¦"

"Shut up, Puckerman, or I'm leaving," Santana warns, glancing around in paranoia, convinced someone is going to see them breaking into the backyard.

She can't believe she let Puck convince her it was a good idea to go skinny dipping in some random person's pool, but he swore on his life that the family was gone to Florida for the week and that their backyard is very sheltered, and that nobody will be able to see them. She can't believe she lets Puck convince her to do a lot of things, but well, the sex is really good, so.

"You're the one that's gonna get us caught if you don't quit your bitching," Puck counters, carefully unlocking the fence and holding it open for his kinda girlfriend to slip in before him. She elbows him in the ribs as she passes and he rolls his eyes as he shuts the gate before quickly following her further into the backyard.

True to his word, the backyard seems to be obscured from the view of any nosey neighbors, and Santana has to admit, the way the pool is lit in the moonlight looks gorgeous. She can hear Puck approaching her and her breath hitches when he slips his arms around her waist

and hugs her from behind, his chin tucked over her shoulder as he takes in the view with her, their verbal sparring from moments before forgotten.

The starry night sky, the warm breeze, the way he's holding her; the moment feels more romantic than any they've ever shared, and Santana doesn't know what to do with that. Instead of thinking about it, she slips out of Puck's arms and turns around to face him, smirking at him as she undresses and makes her way to the pool stairs, stepping into the water just as she's tossing her bra onto the grass.

"Damn, baby, wait for me," Puck mumbles, quickly shedding his own clothes and jumping into the deep end, emerging moments later with a grin. He shakes his head and rubs a hand over his face, clearing his vision so he can watch Santana swim towards him. He wraps her in a bear hug when she reaches him, the full lengths of their naked bodies pressed together. "You cold?"

Santana shakes her head, wrapping her arms around Puck's shoulders and her legs around his waist, biting her lip when she feels his cock against her center. "Not anymore."

They stay huddled together until the moment is broken, and then they swim around and splash each other. Santana jumps on Puck's back, he dunks her head under, she yells about her weave, and he cannonballs into the pool. They make out, he presses her against the side of the pool, she strokes him hard and he fingers her until she comes.

"You gotta be quieter, babe," he chuckles, kissing along her neck as she starts to come down, her body slack against his. "The neighbors can't_ see_ us, but they can _hear_ us."

Santana hums in acknowledgement, her mind still fuzzy and her ears still buzzing. She tilts her head to the side to give Puck better access to her neck, and she allows him to lean her back against the pool wall again, his hands on the edge on either side of her, trapping her in place. "Don't make me come so hard then."

"Not possible," Puck smirks, trailing his kisses down her chest, trying his best to ignore the chlorine taste. "You know a Puckerman always delivers."

Santana unhooks her arms from around Puck's back, trailing her fingertips over his shoulders and around his neck, cupping his jaw and tilting his head up to look at her. It's dark out, but she can see the expression on his face perfectly. It's not the usual smug or cocky look he usually has when they're fucking. She can't place what it is she sees in his eyes, but it makes her belly tingle. "Then you better kiss me," she whispers, leaning forward and pressing her lips to his.

It's not that they don't kiss, it's just that they don't kiss like this. Usually it's rushed and sloppy, like it's obligated foreplay, but this is soft, and it's slow. Puck's hands aren't pawing at her tits; they're massaging her hips gently. His tongue isn't invading her mouth, but softly pressing against hers.

It's different. It's romantic, and Santana still doesn't know what to do with that.

But this time, instead of ignoring it, she embraces it. She runs the pads of her thumbs over Puck's clenching jaw, brushing against his skin softly before she trails them down his chest, slowing submerging them in the water as they continue their decent. Puck bucks into her when she wraps a hand around his thick member, fighting the effects of the water by stroking him hard again before guiding him towards herself.

Santana breaks their kiss for a moment, leaning their foreheads together as Puck's hips follow her lead, his cock blindly finding her entrance like they're magnetized.

"You okay?" he whispers, his tip just barely inside her. She doesn't think Puck has ever asked her that during sex before, and there's that feeling again. She squeezes her eyes shut as she nods, giving him the go ahead to continue. She lets out a pained whimper as he enters her, the combination of his size and the water making him harder to take than normal. She quickly wraps her arms around his shoulders again and buries her face in his neck to hide her groan. "You sure you're okay?" he asks again, feeling her body tense against him.

"Yeah," she breathes out, kissing his shoulder blade before leaning her head back to look at him. "Just, go slow, okay?" Puck nods and starts kissing her again, letting go of the pool's edge and slipping a hand into the water, his fingertips finding Santana's clit and rubbing it softly to help her relax around him. "Mmm, better," she mumbles against his lips.

Once she's loosened up a bit, Puck finally starts to pump into her. He starts slow, his hips almost moving in slow motion against the weight of the water they're in. As hard as running or even walking is in water, fucking is just as difficult, and Puck has to exert twice the energy as normal to get even a fraction of the results.

Abandoning Santana's clit for a moment, Puck tugs on her thigh so she'll wrap her legs around his waist again and then he walks them closer to the shallow end, until the water is below their connected waists.

"Much better," he grunts, echoing Santana's sentiments from moments earlier, before he starts to cant into her again, smoothly picking up his pace. Without the water as hindrance, Puck is able to pump into Santana harder, his cock hitting her deeper with each thrust, drawing out pleased, breathy moans each time their hips connect.

He wraps his arm around the small of her back and pulls her closer to him, letting one of her legs fall while hooking a hand under the other one and keeping it bent at his side, giving him a better angle. Santana throws her head back as Puck slams into her pussy, leaning her back over the edge of the pool, her tits heaving as she pants.

"P-Puck," she moans, rocking her hips into his, getting him deeper. He kisses all over her exposed chest, feeling her heartbeat against his lips, and now he's feeling weird things, and it makes him buck into Santana harder.

They move together, panting and moaning and thrusting, the water

splashing around them as their bodies slam together over and over and over again. And when Santana lets out that oh so familiar whine, Puck kisses up her neck and attaches their lips again, swallowing her moan as they come together.

Santana clings to Puck's broad shoulders as she tightens around him, pulling his cock in deeper as he lets go, his warm load pooling inside her. She trembles in his arms, and he supports her weight as he continues to spurt into her, his hands gripping her ass and squeezing in the same rhythm her pussy is squeezing his throbbing cock.

Puck slumps against Santana once he's empty, dropping his head on her shoulder as she wraps an arm around his head, her fingers running through his mohawk gently, soothing his heavy breathing.

They stand tangled together in the moonlight, throbbing and breathing each other in, wondering why this time feels so different; wondering why they're suddenly feeling anything at all.

6. Encore (Finntana)

****Prompt:**** Finn confronts Santana at school and roughly fucks her against the wall in broad daylight.

* * *

><p>Santana's on her way to the football field for cheerleading practice when a hand reaches out and pulls her behind the gym wall. Her first instinct is to scream, but when she sees it's just Finn, a smirk slowly creeps onto her face.<p>

"Hey, Finnocence," she flirts, batting her eyelashes at him innocently.

"Why did you tell Rachel?"

Santana plays dumb. "Tell Rachel what?"

"Don't fuck with me, Santana," Finn growls, slamming her back against the wall harshly in warning. Santana yelps at the sudden movement, the brick scratching her skin. She looks up at Finn with wide eyes, and sees his face flushed red with anger. She's equally scared and aroused. "Why did you tell Rachel we had sex?"

"Thought she deserved to know," Santana answers, her excuse half true. Rachel did deserve to know, but it's not like she gave a fuck about the hobbit. When Finn's grip on her forearm tightens, she knows he's not buying it. "And I wanted to break you guys up," she admits, squirming under his intense gaze.

Finn's surprised by her honesty, and by the fact that he's as intrigued as he is angry. "_Why_?"

"Because I see the way you still look at me," she taunts, puffing out her chest so it's pressed against him. "And I know that hobbit isn't putting out. I was trying to do you a favor. I know you still want me."

"You... You did all this because... You think I wanted you to..." Finn stumbles over his words, his rage at this girl building in his belly. He looks at her, the way she's smirking at him, and he wishes he had her talent for words. He wishes he could spew out all the hatred he feels for her in this moment, but the words catch in his throat. His mind is clouded in white hot rage and all he can do is make her feel it. Without another word, Finn pulls on Santana's arm and flips her around, pressing the side of her face hard against the red brick.

"Hey, what are you-?"

"Shut up," he spits, one hand holding her against the wall while the other flips up her cheerios shirt and then pulls down her red kinkpants and panties, revealing her gorgeous round ass. He roughly palms one of her ass cheeks, his finger tips pressing hard into her soft skin as he massages her.

Santana squirms under his touch, arousal pooling between her legs. "Finn, please..."

"Please what?" Finn demands, genuinely curious, wondering if she's putting up a front of modesty or if he's really got Santana Lopez begging him already.

"Please..." Santana starts, hissing when she feels Finn's fingers abandon her ass and brush against her core. She can see her teammates practicing in the distance, and she knows anyone can walk by and see them, but fuck it. This is what she wanted, right? To fuck Finn again? To get him to fuck her? "Fuck me," she finishes, surprising even herself. She pushes back into him when he still hasn't done anything after a few moments. She can feel the bulge in his pants against her ass. "Come on, fuck me then, Hudson!"

Her condescending tone spurs Finn on again, and he quickly undoes his pants, letting them drop down his legs as he pulls his hard cock out of the front of his boxers. He abruptly shoves two fingers inside Santana, ignoring the way she yelps at the intrusion, pumping in and out of her a few times before pulling out and coating his cock in her juices, using her arousal as lube to stroke himself to full length. She tries to turn around to see what he's doing, but he shoves her back against the wall, pressing her cheek so hard against the brick that she's sure she's gonna be scrubbing red off of it for a week.

Once he's fully hard, he steps up so he's right behind her, releasing his hold on her momentarily so that he can part her ass cheeks. He bends at the knees so he's level with her cunt and lines himself up, pressing the head of his cock to her tight opening before gripping her hips and pulling her back against him suddenly, unceremoniously plowing his entire cock into her in one fluid motion.

Santana bites back the scream she wants to let out, her entire body shaking as she tries to adjust to Finn's massive size practically splitting her in two. But she doesn't even have time to catch her breath before Finn is pulling out and shoving himself back in, his hips thrusting into her at the same time he's pulling her limp body back to meet him. She can feel every one of his thrusts from her head to her toes and it's a really good thing she's propped up between Finn and a wall, because there's no way she'd be able to stand up

right on her own.

"Take it, you fucking slut," Finn grunts behind her, slamming into her harder and harder, seemingly not satisfied that he's fucking Santana hard enough until she's literally torn apart. "Let me fuck that cunt, only thing you're fucking good for. Just a cunt for everybody in this school to use."

Santana can't believe what she's hearing through the ringing in her ears, and she'd laugh if her toes weren't starting to curl in pleasure in her little white shoes. The pain has finally made way to unbelievable pleasure, and holy fuck, who knew Finn Hudson had it in him? It's nothing like it was that night in the motel room. This is hard and rough and angry, and Santana has never ever been fucked like this in her life. She's completely at his Finn's mercy, a limp body for him to fuck as hard as he wants and she had no idea being used to could feel so fucking good.

"Fuck, I'm gonna come," she cries out right before she does, her body seizing and shaking in his arms, her pussy clenching around the hard cock beating into her relentlessly, fucking her through her orgasm. She mumbles a string of incoherent expletives, her body thrashing against Finn as his hips slam into hers until he presses his front flush against her back and traps her between his body and the wall to hump into her like he's a fucking dog in heat.

Her legs are held together and it makes her pussy even tighter around Finn's thick cock, and he gets a few more sharp thrusts into her before he starts gushing cum into her still vibrating pussy, his warm load spilling into her and filling her up. "Fucking take it," he grunts out, his hips jerking into her with each spurt of jizz he shoots off, until finally he's emptied himself of every drop.

Finn stumbles backwards and slips out of her, a huge glob of white cum spilling from her fucked pussy with nothing to keep it plugged inside. Santana just leans against the wall and lets herself leak Finn's load, sighing as she feels it trailing down her inner thighs and legs. She can feel Finn's eyes on her and her pussy contracts under his gaze, pushing more of it out for him. Finn watches, fascinated for a moment that that's his cum dripping from Santana's pussy.

Santana slowly turns around to face the taller boy, leaning back against the rough brick and searching Finn's face. "Look, I'm...", she starts, but before she can get anything else out, Finn snaps out of his daze and surges forward, pressing against her front, his still half hard cock poking her stomach.

"This never happened," he hisses out, looking down into her eyes pointedly. "You got that?" Santana gulps and nods, wondering what she'd have to do to get a second round. She decides not to test her luck, and Finn pulls away, hastily tucking his cock back into his boxers and pulling up his pants. "And stay the fuck away from Rachel, you've caused enough trouble."

With that, he stalks away, and she's just able to pull her spanks up before Brittany comes bounding around the corner and lights up when she sees her.

"There you are!" she cheers with a smile. "Coach has been looking for

you. Where have you been?" It takes her a moment to take in Santana's appearance, her mussed hair, the indents on her cheek, her twisted skirt and the trail of liquid still sliding down her leg, and then her eyes widen. "_Oh_!"

"Britt, it's not..."

"Come on," Brittany cuts her off with giggle, looping their arms and pulling her back towards the locker room. "You can tell me who you fucked while you clean up. Coach Sylvester will throw a fit if she sees you like that! Remember how mad she got when you saw that stain Artie left on my skirt last week?"

Santana lets herself be dragged away, trying to figure out how she's going to survive a cheerios practice after the pounding Finn just gave her.

7. Mine (Santana)

****Prompt: ****Sam fucks Santana in the auditorium after they sing Make No Mistake, She's Mine.

* * *

><p>The second Sam hears Santana say 'never', something inside of him just snaps. He springs forward and wraps an arm around her waist, pulling her body tightly against his front.<p>

"What are you doing?" she gasps out in surprise. She freezes, but doesn't fight his hold.

"I'm gonna teach you a lesson," he growls in her ear, moving his hand up her ridiculously short dress and pressing a finger against her panties. "You think you can just come here and try to take what's mine? Didn't your parents ever teach you not to play with other people's toys?"

Santana's body shivers involuntarily against his touch, but her brain is still trying to catch up to what's happening. "Sam, I..."

He ignores, and instead slips his finger passed the material, and right into her cunt, not bothering to ease her into it. She's surprisingly wet. She cries out in surprise and shivers in his arms, her words caught in her throat. She doesn't even know what she's trying to say. This shouldn't feel good, but it does. Sam speeds up his pumps, and adds a second digit before she knows it, stretching her tight hole roughly as he fucks her with his fingers.

Eventually her knees give out and she starts falling to the floor. He goes with her, letting her crumple to her hands and knees before he flips her around on her back and hovers at her side, the new angle making it easier to shove his fingers in and out of her pussy. "You're so fucking tight, Santana. I thought you were supposed to be as big of a slut as Brittany?"

"Fuck you," she finally whimpers out, though her words lack any real venom. Right now, she doesn't hate him for dating Brittany, just maybe for making her feel this way.

"Nah uh, I think I'm the one fucking you," he laughs, lifting her dress with his other hand so he can watch his fingers disappearing into her cunt. "And judging by how wet you're getting, I think you like it."

"Fuck. You," Santana repeats through gritted teeth, trying desperately to fight off the orgasm she can feel building in the pit of her stomach.

Sam laughs at her weak attempts at spite and shoves a third finger inside of Santana, grinning down at her as he feels her walls contracting around them. "Oh yeah, you're about to come, aren't you, you little slut? You're loving this, I can't believe it."

Santana comes before she can spit any vicious words at him, her pussy clamping down on Sam's fingers as her body spasms against the cold auditorium floor. Her body tingles as waves of pleasure spread over her, and she feels mild annoyance building at the way Sam is smirking down at her in satisfaction.

"You're so pathetic," Sam chuckles at her, his long blonde hair dangling in his face as he stares down at her. He wiggles his fingers in her pussy, feeling the wetness coating them. "You act all big and tough, back here to try to steal what's mine, but you just fucking came around my fingers like the slut you are."

"I-I didn't," Santana tries to protest, but her voice is weak and her pride is even weaker. Sam is right, she can't believe she just fucking came for this asshole.

Sam nods. "Oh, I think you did," he corrects her, pulling his fingers out and sniffing them. "Yep, I think you came all over my fingers." He guides his hand down to her and shoves his wet digits passed her plump lips, forcing her to taste herself on his fingers. "Taste that? That's how much you enjoyed that. And see this?" He reaches down to unzip his pants, pushing them down his thighs, and pulling out his hard cock from his boxers. "This is how much I enjoyed that."

"Please..." Santana begs, but she's actually not sure what exactly she's begging for.

"It's probably been a long time since you've seen one of these, huh?" he taunts, shifting over so he's between Santana's legs, the girl beneath him automatically spreading them wider to make room for him. Sam smirks at her eagerness and pulls her panties down, before running the tip of his cock up and down her soaked folds. "I've heard so many stories about you, Santana. You used to be quite the cocks slut back in the day. Let's see if you enjoy it now as much as you did then."

Without another word, Sam roughly shoves the entire length of his cock inside Santana's tight pussy.

Santana screams out as she's entered, her howling a mix of pleasure and pain. It feels like ages since she's had anything this huge inside her and Sam gives her absolutely no time to adjust to his surprising size before he starts bucking into her, his hips slapping against her hips as he slams into her.

"Oh fuck, yeah," Sam groans as he bottoms out in her pussy, feeling her walls stretch around his cock. "Fuck, you're so fucking tight. How long has it been since you've had a dick in you, huh? Too fucking long, I bet you're fucking loving this, aren't you?"

Santana bites back her response, because fuck, she actually is. Sex with guys was never the part that turned her off, at least not guys that knew what they were doing - and Sam clearly knows what he was doing, because fuck. No, it was all the other stuff that she didn't get off on, but being filled, being dominated the way Sam is dominating her, getting pounded roughly, God, she actually missed it. She won't give him the satisfaction of admitting it though, so she just bites down on her bottom lip to keep her moan in.

"If your precious Brittany could see you now," he grunts as he thrusts into her, watching the way her face contorts in pleasure each time he hits her particularly deep. "Laid out underneath me, getting pounded by her boyfriend's big cock, and loving every fucking second of it. I can't wait to make you come all over my cock, Santana. Feel that tight little pussy throb around my dick."

Santana's pussy tightens at his words, drawing his cock deeper inside of her and she can't hold in the moan of ecstasy this time, the noise filling the entire auditorium. It seems to encourage the blonde, because Sam starts bucking into her faster, his hips moving frantically against her and when she hikes up her dress and he flicks a thumb over her clit, she falls apart again, Sam making her come for a second time.

"Oh yeah, come for me, Santana," he laughs, stilling his hips to hold his own orgasm in as her walls clamp down and convulse around his cock. It feels fucking amazing, and watching Santana come apart underneath him is just as good, and it's a miracle that he doesn't blow his load right along with her. "Fucking come for my cock, you fucking bitch. God, your pussy feels so good."

Santana's barely just coming down from her high when Sam pulls out of her and man handles her again, this time rolling her over so that she's on her stomach. He pushes her dress up over her ass and admires the round flesh, palming a cheek in his hand as he guides his cock back into her pussy. He's tempted to go for her ass, but something tells him he'll have plenty of opportunity for that later. So instead, he buries his cock to the hilt inside her sensitive cunt, immediately drawing out a whimper as he fills her.

"Your pussy is fucking amazing," he breaths out, leaning back and spreading her ass cheeks, gazing down at the way her pussy lips spread to welcome his cock, the way his thick shaft looks so snug and perfect in her tight snatch. "I can still feel it vibrating from your orgasm. You've come twice for me, Santana. You wanna tell me again how inadequate I am?" When he doesn't get a response, he starts slowly pulling out of her. "Tell me how much you want this, Santana, how much you want my cock, how much you want me to fuck you. Tell me how fucking good I am." Santana whimpers as she feels him pulling out of her and she desperately needs to come again. "Beg me for it, or I'm just gonna pull out right now and fuck your face instead, make you swallow my load."

"I want your cock," she immediately cries out, bucking her hips back against him. "Please, Sam, I want your dick, please fuck me, please."

Make me come again, you fuck me so good."

Sam smirks in satisfaction at her declaration and slides back inside of her. "You're like a bitch in heat, Lopez."

"Fuck yes!" Santana cries as Sam fills her again, feeling his cock stretch her walls in ways that she hasn't felt in so long. "Oh,_fuck yes_." She's passed the point of pride, and can't hide how amazing it feels to get fucked by Sam.

"That's right," Sam moans, trailing a hand up her back and tangling his fingers in her hair, grabbing a firm hold and tugging, forcing her back to arch as her head is pulled back. "Fucking take it. Take my cock in that pussy. You fucking love getting fucked, Santana. Look at you coming all over my cock. Brittany would be ashamed of you."

"Ughhh, fuck," is all Santana can say, the pain in her hairline and the shame in the pit of her stomach somehow increasing the pleasure in her pussy.

Sam pulls harder, timing his thrusts in perfect sync with his tugs. "Or hell, maybe she'd be proud. She loves my cock, too. You should hear the way she begs me for it. The way she gets down on her knees and sucks my cock every fucking chance she gets. She can't get enough of it. After all that time with your pussy, guess she needed some meat to eat, huh."

Santana pictures her ex-girlfriend in her current position, Brittany getting plowed into from behind by Sam's big dick, and for some sick reason, it just turns her on more, imagining the blondes fucking like animals, and she feels her pussy tingle at the thought.

"Her pussy is amazing, isn't it?" he grunts, twisting his wrist to get a tighter grip on her hair. "It feels so good when she comes around my cock. She loves getting pounded almost as much as you do. And you know what, Santana? That pussy belongs to me now. I don't appreciate it when bitch exes like you try to come and take what's mine. And Brittany? She's mine, do you understand me?" Santana whimpers and tries to nod against his hold, while Sam practically jackhammers her cunt. "Say it!"

"Brittany's yours," Santana cries out as she comes, her pussy clenching and throbbing around his cock as it keeps sliding in and out of her.

Sam can't hold it this time, Santana's admittance pushing him over the edge. He stills and swells before he explodes, his warm cum shooting into Santana's still vibrating pussy. "She's mine, she's mine. Mine. Mine," he chants as he comes, emptying his load into Santana in steady streams. "Brittany's mine."

Santana collapses against the cool floor, trying to catch her breath as Sam fills her up with cum. He jerks into a few times before he's done, and then he leans back onto her thighs, his cock still buried inside of her. Nothing can be heard in the auditorium aside from their heavy breathing.

Sam is the first to speak. "Don't come near Brittany again without my permission or I'm gonna have to remind you who she belongs

to."

Santana glancing over her shoulder and looks at the blonde boy with a tired smirk. "You promise?"

8. Private Party (Sebtana)

****Prompt: ****Santana and Sebastian have rough sex in someone's bedroom during a house party.

* * *

><p>Like most fights she's involved in, Santana doesn't even remember how it started or what it's even about, she just knows she feels a burning pit low in her belly, and she knows Sebastian Smythe is the one causing it.<p>

They're standing in someone's room and the thumping of the bass from the party downstairs vibrates underneath her feet. Puck dragged half the glee club to some party he'd heard about and it ended up being someone from Dalton's. She had lost sight of Brittany at some point in the evening and somehow found herself upstairs and alone with Sebastian, trading insults with him and before she can spit more venom in his general direction, his hands suddenly wrap around her arms and pull her against him, smashing their lips together.

She recoils on instinct, pushing against his chest. "In your dreams, asshole!" she spits out, ripping her arms out of his grip and moving towards his door. Moving faster than she's ever seen anyone move, Sebastian reaches the door before her, slamming it shut and effectively cutting off her escape route. "What is your damage, Smythe?"

Sebastian doesn't say anything, just stares down at her like he's about to eat her whole, his chest heaving with the same intensity as his stare. Santana doesn't know what's happening, but she suddenly feels two feet tall under his gaze, and she doesn't try to stop him when he pins her against the closed door and kisses her again.

It's not soft and there's no pretense, just Sebastian's tongue forcing itself into her mouth and his crotch rubbing against her stomach. It's like it is with Puck, except maybe it's even harder, and when Santana feels Sebastian's large hands tugging at the straps of her too tight dress, she finds she doesn't stop him.

"This is what you've wanted all along, isn't it, Santana?" he taunts when he pulls away, his smooth voice making Santana ache between her legs. "My attention?"

"No, I-" Her denial is cut off with another bruising kiss, the back of her head connecting with the door from the force of it.

Then Sebastian's pulling her away, practically lifting her off the ground and carrying her over to the bed; pushing her down on it forcefully and crawling on top of her. He kisses her again, his body pinning her against the mattress, and he's just so big and hard, and Santana hasn't felt like this in so long. She's gotten used to the soft gentle sex with Brittany, the feelings and eye contact and the love making, she's forgotten what this could feel

like.

"Sebastian, p-please," she tries to say, but he swallows her words. She doesn't kiss back at first, she just lies there until she feels his hand move from her chest to her thighs, prying her legs apart so he can settle between them. "_Sebastian,_" she whines against his lips, finally giving in and pressing her tongue against his.

"I knew you wanted this," Sebastian tells her, reaching between their bodies to undo his zipper. He struggles a bit to free his hard cock from its denim confines, but once he's got his jeans and boxers pushed down passed his ass, his hikes up Santana's dress and blindly guides his shaft to her core, pushing her panties to the side. A loud gasp fills the room, followed by a low moan, and Santana doesn't realize they came from her until Sebastian's taunting her. "Tell me you haven't been thinking about this," he teases, the head of his cock gliding through her slick folds, parting her sopping lips and just missing her clit. "You're fucking soaking, Santana."

"I-I haven't, I wantâ€¦" Santana doesn't know what she wanted, she just knows this feels _so fucking good_ and maybe Sebastian is right. Maybe she has been antagonizing him because she's drawn to him, feels something familiar about him, something magnetic. Some kind of insane spark and excitement she's never felt before. Maybe this was all she 's wanted all along.

And then Sebastian's inside her, unceremoniously stuffing his fat cock into Santana's cunt, and yeah, okay, she _definitely_ wants this.

It's not at all like the last time Santana had sex with a guy, where Santana took the lead and the guy fumbled his way through it to it's sloppy and disappointing conclusion. There's no nerves or fumbling, just Sebastian's cock plowing into Santana over and over and over, stretching her cunt just a little but more each time he buries himself in completely.

It's fast and it's hard and it's making Santana's toes curl. She forgot just how full she felt with a big cock inside her, and when it's someone who knows what to do with it, he's able to hit all her right spots and rip all kinds of noises from her throat. She doesn't think anyone has ever fucked her so deep, and her stomach is already coiling.

"Harder," she begs, even though she's not sure it's possible. She curls her fingers around the back of Sebastian's neck, grabbing his hair and pulling. "Fuck me harder, Sebastian. I want you to fucking tear my pussy apart." Sebastian strains a bit, but fucks Santana harder, his strong thighs slapping against her tan ones as they meet in rapid succession.

They come together a few minutes later, Sebastian's entire body suddenly locking up as he buries himself in deep and blows his wad, his warm load spilling into Santana's fluttering pussy. "Fuck fuck fuck fuck _fuck_!"

Sebastian's cock twitches with every spurt he releases inside of Santana, and the only thing she can feel besides the tingles prickling her skin is the warmth pooling in her cunt. But then all too soon, Sebastian is pulling out of her and the massive load of cum

he just dumped inside of her comes gushing out, leaking out of her contracting hole and down her ass crack, gathering in a puddle underneath her.

Before Santana can ask him what he's doing, Sebastian's cock is in her mouth. He straddles her chest and cups the back of her head, guiding her up and down his shaft. Santana chokes from surprise and the cock head pressing against the back of her throat, struggling to breathe around the sheer size of Sebastian's meat.

Sebastian shows her absolutely no mercy, not breaking his pace even when she starts to gag. His cock tastes like cum, his and her own, and Santana knows he's trying to keep his cock hard so he can fuck her again. Her cunt aches at its emptiness, Sebastian's load still oozing out of her in fat globs, and she wants nothing more than to have it inside of her again.

She doesn't have to wait long; it's just a few more minutes before Sebastian is turning her around and pulling her bottom half into the air. He pushes the bottom of her dress up so that it's basically just a belt around her waist and then literally rips her panties off her legs, tossing them aside before he gets into position and enters her from behind.

Sebastian's cock feels even thicker from this angle, and Santana just presses the side of her face against the mattress and lets him pound her pussy until she's seeing stars. She screams his name as she comes, barely even feeling the tugging in her scalp when Sebastian wraps his fingers in her hair and pulls until her chest is hovering off the bed.

He fucks her through her orgasm, the way Santana's cunt muscles spasm around his cock just making his thrusts that much sharper, his thumb presses against her asshole just as she's starting to come down.

"Sluts like you love taking it in the ass, don't you?" he asks, huffing through his jackhammering. When Santana doesn't answer, he applies pressure and the ring of muscles gives way under the weight, the digit popping inside with ease. Santana lets out a strangled cry, her hips jolting back against him in response. "Fuck, you do love it up the ass."

Santana does, actually, but Sebastian's cock? She's not entirely sure she can take him back there, but before she can voice that thought, she feels his thumb moving in and out of her tight asshole, quickly stretching her before adding another finger, and then even a third. Before she knows it, Sebastian's dick isn't in her snatch anymore, but pressing against her pucker.

"Wait, Iâ€¦|" Part of Santana wants to protest out of fear, but a bigger part needs Sebastian's huge cock buried in her ass, and in the end, that's the part that wins out. "Screw it, fuck my ass, Smythe. I want your cock so fucking much." She barely gets the words out before Sebastian's half way inside her, and it hurts even more than she thought it would. She feels like she's being split in two, but by the time he bottoms out, she actually likes it. Santana likes that it hurts, like that it's Sebastian that hurting her, and she needs more of it. "Harder! Jesus Christ, who do you think you're fucking? Pound. Me. Harder."

Sebastian fucks her as hard and as fast as he can, tearing Santana's ass up with each powerful thrust. "You like that, huh? Love a nice big cock in your ass, pounding you like a little slut."

"Yes, god, so fucking big," Santana cries, and she starts throwing her weight backwards, meeting Sebastian's heavy thrusts just a little bit harder. "Holy fuck, I'm gonna come already."

For all his bravado, Santana's ass is so goddamn tight, and Sebastian knows he's not gonna last much longer. Twisting his wrist to tighten his hold on Santana's hair, he tugs extra hard, his arm straining as he pulls Santana back on his cock as he ruts into her ass, prolonging their fucking just a little bit longer before he lets go inside her.

Sebastian comes with a grunt, Santana's ass tightening around his cock as he shoots his hot cum into her, signaling her own orgasm. He pulls on her hair again so hard that her entire body comes off the bed so she's kneeling in front of him, her back against his belly as they throb and convulse together.

Sebastian snakes his arm around Santana, his fingers finding her clit and pressing hard circles into the sensitive bud, drawing another orgasm out of her and causing her ass to clench around his coming cock in the most amazing way as he continues to spill into her.

The party is still going strong by the time they collapse in a mess of limbs, and they figure if nobody's missing them by now, they can probably stay hidden away in this room all night long, fucking each other's brains out until Sebastian just can't get it up anymore. And that's exactly what they do.

End
file.